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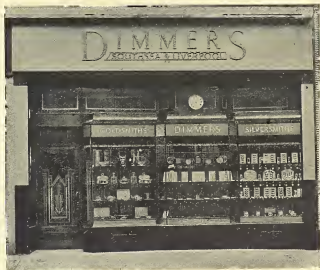
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THE WEST SAXON

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Spring Term, 1934

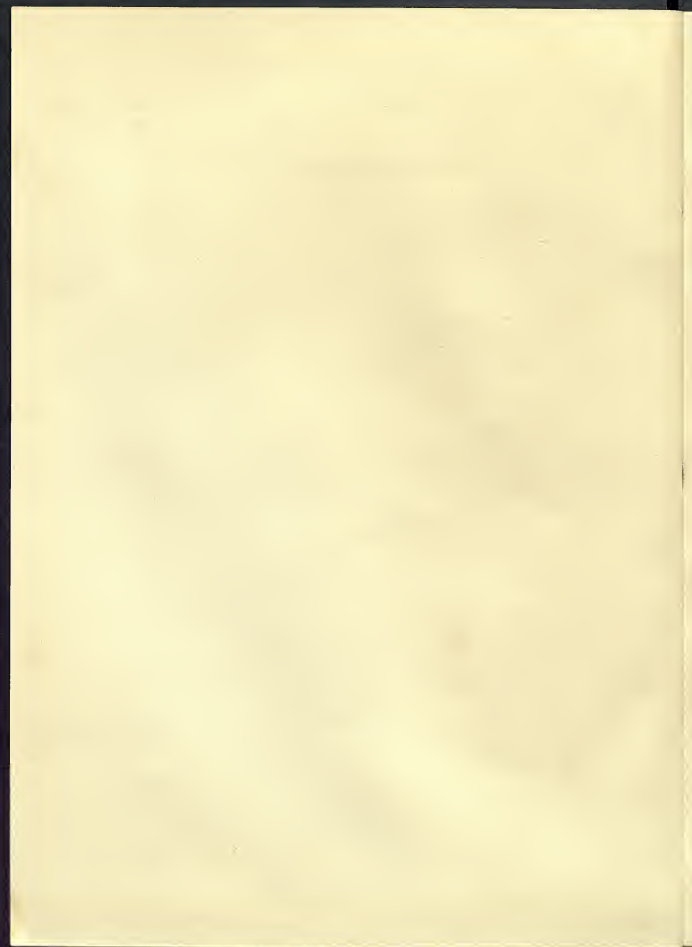




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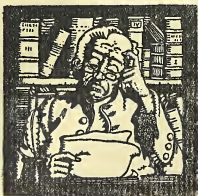
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THE EDITOR SPEAKS.

"A little lower than the angels."



There is, no doubt, a good deal to be said for the ordinary, the every-day, and the commonplace. It can be pointed out, quite truthfully, that it is not the life of the glaring headline that matters; the lurid sky-sign; the so-called "high spots" of life do not represent the truth. We must judge by the jog-trot of the respectable (and mythical) average man; by the common life of the common people. There is a time everywhere, between birth and disintegration,

when man, individually or in the mass, reaches the stage at which he expands, and which stands for all time as the period at which a true estimate of him may safely be made.

College, as far as the present session is concerned, has reached that time. Once again a collection of stray units has settled down into an organized whole, working more or less as an ordered unity. Sufficient time has now passed for it to be possible to weigh up the drift of events, and to consider what contribution this year has made to College history. We hesitate to make any definite pronouncement. It is almost enough for us to realize that our year has now given that contribution for good or ill; the living finger has written; the character of the day and age is irrevocably fixed. Yet we are sufficiently optimists to say that the signs are signs of progress. For the moment we are not concerning ourselves with results. The authorities will judge more by those than we, who from the very nature of things, are bound to see more clearly that the character and spirit of the College is to the examination result as the life to the meat, and the body to the raiment.

A mere catalogue of achievement tells little. There are the usual milestones—the productions of the Stage and Choral Societies; the I.V.D., the most successful of its kind; and the now annual U.A.U. Soccer semi-final—to mention but a few. They serve to do little but tell us how time is passing, and not how the College atmosphere is saner and better, though not perhaps freer, than it was.

Yet there is a danger. At the present stage of College history we must beware of the superior person, both in the student body and in a higher capacity. We must be sure that instead of remaining

cheerfully low-brow, we do not, in our struggles to imitate the high-brows, become repulsive mongrels with no brows at all. It seems a pity that the glorious recklessness of the old days should disappear, and that we should have to offer only a hastily camouflaged motor of antique design.

Perhaps, there, we are too sentimental in sighing for the days that were. In pointing out what seems to us a further danger, we feel that we are on firmer ground. Granted that College life now flows serenely and smoothly along with placid surface broken only, by reason of the prevalent Spring rashness, by ripples caused by purely private concerns. Granted that there is a definite value in the hum-drum. Yet it is certain that we are too much prone to forget that we are not as the beasts of the field. We need, only too often, something to arouse us from our downy sleep, and shake us from the sluggishness which settles upon us. College is no longer new, and, God save the mark, something wonderful, and the majority of students are content to take things as they come without pausing for a moment to consider. Then again, the students' apathy about the major issues of life, and even the major issues of the day, is so marked as at times to be distinctly alarming. We are too inclined to live in cloistral seclusion and to become cogs in the machine without question.

But, you point out, the *West Saxon* aims at expressing the voice of the machine, at catching the tones of College as a whole. That is true to a certain extent, but such a conception can easily be made too rigid. This term we make a plea for more individualism in the College, for it to be possible for the *West Saxon* to express, as far as possible, the individual views and the group views of the College. The aim has not changed; the light is turned merely on a slightly different aspect. However hardened a sophist the Editor may be, he cannot place himself in everyone's shoes; he wants *you* to help reflect the light of the many-coloured glass of College life. It must be reiterated that you are, in large measure, responsible for the *West Saxon* you read. It must not be the mouth-piece of a faction, and it is only in so far as you as individuals find expression in its pages that it becomes what it should be, the mouth-piece of the whole College.



THAT A BELIEF IN GOD IS UNNECESSARY.



CAN only present a limited view of the subject, and shall treat it more or less entirely from the philosophical side. So few people see that religion and with it the belief in a deity are merely philosophies founded, as usual, on no very sure grounds. They seem to inherit the belief in a god in just the same way as they inherit the idea (quite probably erroneous) of a straight line being the shortest distance between two points ; both ideas seem without any tangible foundation.

Now let us consider the origin of the belief in a god, in a supreme being. When men began to get the faculty of being able to think, to reason (how this faculty arose is a moot point, but there are no grounds for taking perhaps the easiest course—viz., invoking a god) they saw around them a host of mysterious things ; but particularly in the air above them, in the skies, these inexplicable things existed. The hot sun, the gleaming moon passing through its phases, the stars, meteors and comets, occasional eclipses, the rain and rainbows, the rushing wind, must all have amazed and confounded them ; and the more so, because man cannot fly into the air, rise and touch these things ; on the solid earth and in the waters were things that could be attacked and conquered, and above all *touched*, but above were strange phenomena. The result of this lack of understanding of what are now more or less fully explained (up to a point) led man to become in awe of them, to be afraid of them, and this is the first step towards worshipping them ; in other words, making gods of them. Since these manifestations themselves were far too intangible for the savage mind to grasp, he had perforce to make images, modelled always on his own shape or on the shape of animals with which he was acquainted. In Genesis it says : " God made man in his own likeness," but actually they mean no more nor less than that " man made God in his likeness." Upon this poor unfortunate image they thrust all their troubles and difficulties ; he had to win their battles, kill their foes, make their crops grow, in fact do all their dirty work, and most particularly he had to be more powerful than that " nasty creation " of their neighbours. From his mouth were made to issue all the man-made laws of morals (and non-morals) of so-called good and bad, the ten commandments. I argue, of course, that there is no inborn sense of right and wrong in any man, except in so far as he has inherited a certain knowledge of the laws which society has evolved from its beginning, laws not made because of any aspect of right and wrong, for of course absolute right and wrong cannot exist for us poor humans, but made purely to protect its majority from certain acts of a minority—*e.g.*, the laws against murder and stealing were made

purely for protection. There is no one who can prove *a priori* that any of these things are "wrong"; he can only state that they annoy one's fellow men, who *fear* lest they shall be the next victims. If a man were brought up right out of contact with his fellow-creatures, and yet to some extent educated (the case is somewhat hypothetical), I do not think that there is one "sin" he could commit. Right and wrong sprang up with society, are inextricably bound up with it, but were not present before society began.

Upon this question of right and wrong, upon which in the end, perhaps, this belief in a god largely hangs, I must say a little more. I think that modern science tends more and more to show that the difference between what are commonly called a good man and a bad man is due merely to some *physical* deformity. Consider the effect on a man's character of such a thing as shell-shock. The mind, or spirit, or whatever you prefer to call it (I do not deny the existence of a life-force), can work only through the body and particularly through the brain; for up to now there has been no proved instance of consciousness or life dissociated from matter (scientific spiritualism, which in the future should yield interesting results, has not yet been freed sufficiently from fraud). If the brain is altered, then the manifestation of the spirit, *i.e.*, the man's character, personality and mental ability, are all altered with it. Society has by now succeeded in producing a more or less stereotyped brain, one which is willing to obey its set laws; occasionally a mistake or flaw occurs, and a man is born who sees no reason why he should obey these laws—you cannot say that this man is really "wrong," indeed he has at least the property of being original; but it is not desirable to the community that such people should be born. It is a feasible hypothesis that all spirits are the same, being drawn from a universal "pool" of life, but are caused to appear different by the almost infinite number of differences in the material bodies through which they must perforce work. The problem is of great significance; discarding any ideas of right and wrong, and realising that all our laws, moral, unwritten, and parliamentary, are purely and absolutely man-made, where is the necessity for a god?

And, finally, if there be a god, then there must, I consider, be absolute and rigid predestination. If I can conceive of a god at all, he must be all-powerful, and above all omniscient—here lies the crux of the matter—and hence know all the past, present, and future. If not, how much better would he be than a man? For it may be possible for a man to know all the past and present. And if the future is known, no matter in what mind, then it must be predestined. Perhaps man exhibits a superficial semblance of free will surrounding a struc-

tural core predetermined and invariable. But there is in modern mathematical physics "the uncertainty principle," which states that in the case of an electron—and all matter contains electrons as an essential constituent—it is impossible to predict both its position and its velocity at the same time. How far we can accept such physical evidence in such a philosophical question we cannot at present see. However, even if you believe in predestination, there is no necessity to believe in a god; but if you do not believe in predestination, I cannot see how you can believe in a god.

I have endeavoured to tackle this problem by making use of facts and logical deduction, and conclude that agnosticism is the only safe view to hold, pending further evidence.

VERDI'S "OTELLO."



LEAR stars that gleam through the transparent night,
The power of melody must live in you;
Fire in the blackened hearth with your dancing light,
From you impassioned harmony must ensue;
Warm, living books that line this little room

Blind trust reveal, and pure fidelity;
And wind, that murmurs with a tone of gloom
Brings anger, falsehood, and fell jealousy.
Melody and lies suspicion breed,
A drear foreshadowing of an evil fate;
Trust, with this harmony brings discord indeed,
That sweeping on, becomes a passionate hate;
But wind, and fire, the books, the stars above
Find perfect union in that kiss of love.

BOAT CLUB.

"Their legs have grown crooked with much rowing, till they waddle in their walk like ducks."—*Kingsley*.

SOCCER XI AND RUGGER XV.

"With all appliances and means to boot."

—*Henry IV, Part II.*

H. L. DR-V-R (in Cardiff).

"Hector's a gallant man."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

IMPRESSIONS AND SUPPRESSIONS.



EVERYBODY has his own ideas about what is taking place in Germany to-day under the government of the National Socialists and their leader Adolf Hitler ; ideas, however, which for the majority of people have been obtained fundamentally from one source—the Press ! and supplementary ideas through gossip or discussion upon the subject. Everybody cannot go to Germany and see how things really are, and the “special correspondent” becomes the eyes of millions of different individuals. In the reporting of events during a period of revolution in a foreign country much is only hearsay, since a reporter cannot be everywhere at once nor see both sides of everything that happens, nor may he delay his report in order to verify his facts, but has to send in immediately information which millions of people accept as the whole truth. Press reports, however, are generally prematurely biased *pro* or *con* according to the political tendencies of the paper. Since there was in autumn, 1933, no big Fascist newspaper, England's Press was united against Germany, and it was left to the “tub-thumpers” of the British Fascists to defend a country which they supposed had achieved the same sort of government as that which they desired. They therefore asserted that the Jews were not being persecuted in Germany, which is entirely false. The result of this, however, was that an Englishman was bound to feel that National Socialism was an evil, and that Germany had suffered the greatest blow since 1919. It was not considered safe for foreigners to go to Germany.

It was with this impression that I came to Germany, a country where sudden disappearance or death without any questions asked was the order of the day. That impression is absolutely wrong. During the time that I've been over here I have never yet raised my arm nor said “Heil, Hitler !” On January 18th I attended the celebrations of the founding of the Reichstag ; sat in the middle of a troop of S.A. and listened to a speech which resulted in two professors challenging the speaker to a duel with pistols. During the singing of the National Anthem I naturally stood up with the others, but did not salute the flags nor give the Siegheil ! Siegheil ! Siegheil ! at the conclusion. There was quite a fair amount of feeling, but nobody inquired why I didn't salute. Germany is probably the safest country in the world to-day for visitors so long as they don't indulge in open-air speeches or write caustic letters to the Press.

So far as the S.A. and S.S. are concerned, their present-day activity is confined to cleaning their boots and buttons after a twenty to thirty-mile march each Wednesday and Sunday. Those two days

are allocated to a "march out of the S.A.," when the troops march out in fours through the town, singing lustily. There's no police work for the S.A. to do nowadays and their value lies in the ever-present menace to anybody who may feel inclined to doubt in the everlasting wisdom of National Socialism. But nobody does! Originally the S.A. were the guards of the meetings which the party held, and the S.S. were the guards of the speakers. That is no longer necessary.

Other nations claim that these organisations are military in character—and so they are—but they have no training whatsoever in the handling of weapons. Apart from that, however, they are steps in the training towards National Socialism. The young boys are in the Hitler Jugend, and grow up into the S.S. or the S.A.; the young girls are in the corresponding Junge Mädchen Verband, but have no senior organisation on a level with the S.A. All children from the moment they enter school are taught National Socialism; all the school teachers, university teachers, wireless announcers, and newspapers teach it, and there will come a generation which is ignorant of the existence of any other political idea.

The whole question of why the National Socialists are anti-Semitic, and what has happened to the Jews is an extremely complicated one which has its beginnings in Hitler's pre-war Vienna days and has not yet ended. This is briefly the answer the National Socialists give. National Socialists and the Democratic Socialists, in which category come the Communists, are deadly enemies—the Democratic Socialists have for the last twenty years or more been led by Jews. The men who accepted the treaty of Versailles; Kurt Eisner (real name Kosmanowski), who published false documents to prove Germany's war guilt; Rathenau, the foreign minister who said that if Germany had won the war history would have lost its sense. All these were Jews. The answer from a Nazi point of view is simple—drive out the Jews and you drive out the Democratic Socialists. Jews all the world over remain a definite people. National Socialism has no room for international feeling—a German must be a German first, and it is impossible for a Jew to forget that he's a Jew and become a German, and he therefore has no place in the New Germany.

During the inflation period many Jews entered Germany, and took advantage of their foreign stable currency to make a place for themselves. Their chief activity was in money-lending at colossal rates of interest; and in particular lending to the peasants who were finding it difficult to keep going. The result was that most of the peasants went bankrupt, and their lands were sold up to somebody else, who in turn came under the thumb of these Jews. National

Socialists claim that Germany must, as far as possible, be self-supporting, and had the peasants been able to work with financial help, Germany would have recovered from her difficulties. As it was, the peasants had been forced into the towns, become unemployed and occupiers of the worst slum areas. The extent to which the Jew had gained a controlling place in certain areas is shown by the fact that in Berlin 70% of the practising lawyers were Jews, 80% of the doctors in hospitals were Jews, and the monetary affairs practically entirely controlled by "international high finance." The theatres, cinemas, and newspapers were owned or controlled by Jews, and were responsible for a propaganda of an anti-German type—no newspaper had any German ideals behind it; the cinema and theatre produced degrading shows, instead of the stirring plays of Goethe and Schiller. So once again the Jews must go. So far as the law is concerned, the distinction is between Aryan and Non-Aryan, not between Jew and Non-Jew—in practice, however, it is the Jews who are meant *as a race and not as a religious body*. This is not a religious persecution, but a question purely of considering the Jews a foreign people who have immigrated and now represent 1% of the population. The outcome of this theory is that Jews may not hold any official position for which the taxpayer pays—these include university and school teaching positions, doctors and nurses on the staffs of hospitals, and is also made to include lawyers. Not more than 1% of the students in any one university nor more than 1% of the children in any school may be Jews—they are allowed their exact proportion. The Jewish shops all carry on their business as usual. There are no restrictions other than a very strong prejudice caused by continual anti-Semitic propaganda. The Jews have not been turned out of Germany; it has just been made very unpleasant for them to stay.

The early months of the National Socialist Revolution saw a great deal of very brutal treatment of Jews at the hands of the S.A., but that kind of treatment was not authorised by the leaders. It would be false to say that personal violence to Jews or to Communists is any part of the Nazi policy, for it does as a matter of fact constitute a hindrance to the consummation of the programme. The Jewish propaganda abroad, especially in England, in support of the Jews in Germany, has gone a long way to making the conditions of the latter far worse than it might otherwise have been.

The National Socialists are further accused of taking away the freedom of the individual. Many Germans have endeavoured to answer this challenge, but the outcome of all these efforts is to conclude that nowhere has anybody absolute freedom; it is merely a question of where the line is drawn. In England the Defence of the

Realm Act still takes away a great deal of freedom ; in Germany beer and cigarettes may be bought at any time of the day or night. At the moment Hitler has drawn the line, and within the confines of National Socialism you may do what you like with perfect freedom. The Kölnische Zeitung claimed to have freedom to print what it liked, but if the Kölnische Zeitung ceased to like the National Socialist Government there would cease to be a Kölnische Zeitung. Every town has its own paper, and my impression is that each little power now goes all out to prove how thoroughly it is in support of the Government, by printing anything it can come across to the defamation of the Jews, giving reports of the success of the Nazis, and never printing anything that might be construed as lacking in enthusiasm—in other words, they are thoroughly unreliable. The “ small leaders ” of the Nazi party have often gone much farther than Hitler would do ; everybody is mortally anxious to show his allegiance by the ruthless hounding out of enemies to the State. The concentration camps are still in use, although many thousands of prisoners are said to have been already released. Letters, telephone, telegrams, are no longer private, and may be interfered with in the interests of the State. It is claimed that letters are only opened to make sure that no money is sent out of the country ; and I have no proof that anything has ever happened as a result of anything read in a letter ; but have heard the usual rumours about people suddenly disappearing.

The Press and the multifarious uniforms constitute a continual propaganda, but, apart from this, there are certain lectures which are compulsory for all students. There are maps showing the armed forces surrounding Germany ; maps showing the territory taken from Germany, and the percentage of German population in those territories. The cinema shows propaganda films, not so blatant as at first, but with the idea of instilling love of fatherland and a national feeling. The famous German films which are shown at the Academy Cinema, London, such as Pabst's “ Kameradschaft ” cut no ice here at all, and Marlene Dietrich hasn't a single “ fan.” The other great propaganda medium is the wireless. There are ten super transmitters and twenty-five stations in all. Hitler's speech at the opening of the Reichstag, lasting two hours, was recorded and broadcast four times in case anybody had missed it. The news bulletins have a great propaganda value, especially at the moment in pointing out how Austrian affairs are mismanaged, and how much better they would have been with a National Socialist Government.

I have now mentioned a number of the disagreeable things which happen, and which England would not approve of, but am definitely of the opinion that *it was a good thing for Germany and Europe that*

Hitler came to power! I am convinced that it was a question of either National Socialism or Communism. Had the Communists won, Germany would have gone through a revolution, in which bloodshed, plundering and murder would have been commonplace; gang ruling would have superseded law and order as it did in 1919. On the 13th March, 1919, there were 1,200 killed in street fighting in Berlin alone. Large supplies of arms were found in the Communist headquarters; plans for the revolution absolutely ready, lists of those who were to be immediately killed and those who were to be imprisoned, amongst whom were the National Socialists, the Church leaders, and the capitalists.

The curious thing is that Hitler has brought about results which most people in England would denounce as pure Communism, without the violent methods, brutality and bestiality; that is why so many Communists have wholeheartedly gone over to National Socialism. Hitler says that the people of Germany are all equal; that the good of the whole must be put before the good of the individual; that everybody must sacrifice in order to give to those who need it; that work must be found for the unemployed; that class distinctions must be broken down; not, however, that one class must be wiped out. Already nearly 2,000,000 men have been put back to work in twelve months. Hitler has set four years as the period of preliminary reconstruction. There are now no beggars in the streets, no street-corner loafers, no danger to person and property; and, what is more, there's a tremendous new hope of future success of recovery from the terrible conditions that previously existed. It is absolutely essential for Germany to have peace for the next fifteen or twenty years; a war now would absolutely destroy the German nation. Were I a German I would willingly be a National Socialist; it offers the sole remaining hope and the greatest chance of reconstruction since the war—even those who were previously not National Socialists are very thankful that there has been an end to internal strife, and Parliamentary muddle where thirty-two different parties elected by proportional representation made sure that no one should have a majority or get anything done.

One point is particularly vital to the understanding of the New Germany: the conditions in Germany and in England have practically no points in common. Fascism, according to the *Encycl. Brit.*, is something purely Italian, and cannot be applied *in toto* either to Germany or Great Britain and does not represent a political policy. Germany is not Fascist, but is National Socialist under the leadership of Hitler, who has absolute power. A short time ago the British Labour Party sent a message of sympathy to the workers of Germany,

thereby showing that they had not the slightest idea of what was happening there. Germany is more Socialist to-day in the practical working out of its policy than England has ever been and than the Socialists are ever likely to make it. The logical thing for the Labour Party to do would be to support Hitler, and try and do something similar for England.



H. F. V-N-Y.

"I caught him at work one day."—*Allingham*.

THE VALENTINE DEBATE.

"What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thralldom, or a double strife?"—*Bacon*.

STONEHAM GRADUATES.

"(They) plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."
—*Goldsmith*.

J. R-B-RTS-N.

"He feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare."—*Dibdin*.

J. G. B-N-.

"Though I halt in pace
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace."—*G. Herbert*.

TEA IN A STUDY.



SHALL remember these : the shaded lamp ;
The dead-white glint of cups and plates ; the square
Blue-bordered cloth ; and, where the curtains scarcely
meet,

A glimpse of study lights, which turn the lawn
Into a stretch of velvet ; thin blue smoke,
Which curls so slowly heavenward, incense-like,
And, as our dreams, soon fades to nothingness ;
The well-known voices, ringing with some jest,
And hearty laughter from youth's very soul ;
The things we talked of, hopes and sorrows, shared
With carefree frankness, life and love, the state
Of kings and countries, e'en as though we held
The future of the world within our hands.
All these I shall remember, and when life
Decrees our journeys on this earth shall lie
Apart, then will the memory be to me
As lasting sweet as delicate perfumes
Which linger yet about a folded dress.



S. F. SM-TH.

"How can'st thou tell she will deny thy suit
Before thou make a trial of her love?"—*Henry VI, Part I.*

MEMBER OF BOXING CLUB.

"Your face for conquest was designed,
Your every motion charms my mind."—*Dryden.*

D. H. H-NDL-Y.

"Call me the son of beer, and then confine
Me to the tap, the toast, the turf."—*Herrick.*

F. W. K. BR-MBY.

"You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her too assured she may command you."—*Jonson.*

MISS M. D. SC-TT.

"Silent and chaste she steals along
Far from the world's gay busy throng."—*Cowper.*

ACCIDENT.



HAD always known it would happen sooner or later. Every time I see a tram line, I have to try hard to keep myself from shutting my eyes, and hoping for the best ; but this morning I was so intent on trying to ring the bell, and keep my case shut with the same hand, and work out whether it was nearly 5 to 10 or nearly 5 past (reckoning on my watch being 20 minutes fast by the prayer bell, and the Coll. time 5 minutes slow) that I didn't even notice the tramline until I had to look round for some explanation of my position. Even then I was not acutely conscious of my indignity until a very superior policeman strolled up. He looked down, very far down at the bicycle curled up against me ; at the case which had separated itself from its contents ; at a great deal of orange peel scattered about ; and at me, sitting up straight in the middle of it all. He looked me down from the top of my head to the toes of my shoes, and then came up again to my face ; there he stopped and said in a resigned voice, "Highfield Hall, I suppose?" I very nervously replied, "Yes," and waited. He continued to look at me and my surroundings, so I began to think of all the replies I *might* have made, instead of that feeble "Yes." I might have been arch, and asked in my most charming manner, "Why, sergeant" (if I had been arch I should have had to have said 'Sergeant') "how did you know that?" Or I might have remembered the honour of the College, and said, "No, constable," very firmly and given a false address.

The situation was getting painful, and, although I didn't think there was much hope of getting to the lec. I had been so anxious to reach, I thought perhaps I ought to move. I began to wonder exactly what my position was. Was I a lady with a gentleman, or a mere civilian with an officer of the law? I took my turn, and had a good look at the policeman. His structure obviously prevented him from picking the books up (although I thought he might manage the bike, as it hadn't made up its mind whether to sit up or lie down). So I decided that I had better be a civilian with an officer of the law. However, he broke the strain by asking me in the most detached way if I had hurt myself. I wasn't at all certain what line he was going to take, so I said, "I don't think I'm hurt, but I'm shaken." I felt quite clear about that, so I added, "Badly shaken." But I bravely got to my feet, and began to collect the books. It took a long time because I was looking out of the corner of my eye at the policeman struggling with the bicycle. If it had upset me, it was upsetting him. The front wheel wrapped itself round his legs, and, while he was straightening the handle bars, the pedal hit him on the



shin. I didn't dare to laugh because he didn't seem to think it was funny. When I saw that he had conquered, I put the last book into the case, and turned round. I smiled timorously, and thanked him for picking up my bicycle. Then we both looked at the orange peel, and my heart went into my boots, and policeman or not—I would not pick up orange peel. But, when I looked at him, I saw that he had the stony countenance of one who is struggling not to pant, and probably wouldn't speak for a minute or two. So I began to push pieces of orange peel towards the side of the road with my foot. When he recovered, he said, "Highfield Hall, Miss?" in that resigned voice. He needn't have sounded so resigned. I would much rather have gone back by myself. Why a policeman never lets anyone ride home on a bicycle, I don't know. I might feel painful physically, but never so humiliated. However, I consoled myself with the thought that I couldn't look more self-conscious than other young ladies of my acquaintance being escorted back to Highfield by a man pushing a bike, and that, after all, a policeman's uniform is considerably smarter than the uniform boas with which college men adorn themselves. But it is hard not to look self-conscious when you are walking along in painful silence, although it's difficult, very difficult—I always feel that one never knows quite where one is with a policeman. But I felt terribly anxious to explain the orange peel; I shouldn't have liked him to think that I had eaten *all* the oranges that peel had held. So I remarked on the shockingly small number of rubbish containers in the Forest. No response. A large party of us had had nowhere to put our orange peel except my bicycle basket. No response. I was so sorry it had been upset on the road. Still silence. When it became quite obvious that I had nothing more to say, he said, "Oh!"

I got a good deal of consolation out of the toes of my shoes (clean on Thursday—Federation Week), but I wasn't sorry to reach the cycle shed—which, since my escort was a policeman, I entered at once.



S.D.B.

MACHINE.



THE development of the machine has been so swift that few people, even to-day, have more than a vague idea of its power and far-reaching influence in moulding our civilisation. It is in modern transport, perhaps—the aeroplane, the motor-car, and the locomotive—that this remarkable development is most obvious to the public eye; but the evolution of the machines of industry and manufacture has been no less, bringing results of even greater importance to the world. In every walk of life, from books and foodstuffs to agriculture and war, the machines have revolutionised our existence.

Mass production, the system inevitably born of the machines, has become a glib phrase beloved of the popular Press. Its significance is really twofold. The economic aspect is that of goods of all kinds being supplied in plenty to the world's markets, with the advantages of combined cheapness and efficiency. It is possible now, as never before, to cater for every need of the population with ease and at little cost. One has only to compare our books and newspapers, our household utensils, our clothes, our amusements, or our means of transport with those of even thirty years ago to be aware of the almost incredible changes. On the social side, immense possibilities are opened up by the lightening of labour and working conditions, and by the vast increase of leisure available among the working population. Never before has it been possible to spare the worker so much, or to offer him benefits upon such a scale.

But what do we see in the world to-day? The machines are outlawed. Economic ruin is everywhere. "Over-production" has dislocated markets; the traditional financial systems have failed under the strain; the producer cannot sell his goods, the consumer cannot buy them; one man is burning his grain, while another starves for bread. From the social point of view, too, the machines are attacked as being the heart of a soul-destroying system. The worker is becoming a mere robot creature, dominated in body and crushed in spirit by the tyranny, the monotony, of an inhuman god of wheels and pistons. The machine can do the work of many men, and so replaces them, causing the misery of unemployment and all the evils which spring from enforced idleness—loss of self-respect, of skill, and of character, all leading to grey despair. Mass-production itself is condemned on account of the very ease and simplicity with which it enables us to live. It is accused of destroying our characters by removing the need for effort and struggle, and of submerging art and craftsmanship beneath a flood of uniform, utility products, lacking at once in individuality and in real worth.

These evils exist ; but we live in a modern world (though many of us may sigh for the old), and the attack upon the machines is unreasonable and unfair. The talk of " over-production " is arrant nonsense, while hunger and rags remain in the world. The machines are right ; we do need their goods, as fast as they produce them, and it is the men who control the distribution who are to blame for spoiling their efforts. Capitalism to-day means frantic, indiscriminate production, with a narrow view to profits, and no real consideration for the consumer. The machines are being abused by their masters. The same principle applies to unemployment ; it is a direct, but quite unnecessary, result of mechanization, and the evil is to be attributed not to the machines but to those whose care it is, or should be, to plan society, and make adjustments to counteract new tendencies. Unemployment has, like the machine, come to stay, and re-absorption of the workers is impossible without drastic planning of society and industry upon quite a new basis.

The machines are progress. By their aid and proper use man should be able to make himself as nearly god-like as it is possible for him to become. Who can fail to be thrilled by the gleaming, straining monsters set up in a power-house like the deities of a temple of steel and glass ? The great, dark green casings, with their heavy rotors speeding and whining within, are symbolic of the solidity, the efficiency, the power, and precision of modern science. It is impossible not to be aware of the embodiment of power, which is the spirit of the machine within. Poetry and painting have, as yet, almost completely ignored this machine-consciousness, which is surely one of the main characteristics of our age. But this is only typical of our general attitude, for we live in a lop-sided civilization, having no brains to use the power at our disposal. And the machines, which are no longer submissive, unless we keep pace with them by development in other directions, will ultimately destroy us.



R. T. K-L-H-R.

"What I aspired to be
And was not comforts me."—*Browning*.

LOCH NESS "MONSTER."

"A monster in no certain shape attired
And whose original is much desired."—*Donne*.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.



THE sword's sharp point has long been sung
By poets of perfection ;
So why should not these men give tongue,
And hymn points of Inflection ?

All noble fights in epics rise,
And even pious work'll
Abide. Why not immortalise
The Osculatory Circle ?

Heroic deeds preserving life,
These need some illustration.
The lady snatched from torturing knife
By cubic integration.

The shipwrecked sailor needs some food,
For mental meat he wrangles,
And saves himself from hungering mood
Converting sines to angles.

Though all have heard of *Caesar* (he
Rolled on like some great tractor)
His history's beat for teasery
By any Quartic Factor.

Why, then ! Step out from this morass,
Shake off ideas erroneous ;
Write sonnets to Pythagoras,
And odes to Appolonius.

See how dear Granny in her nook,
Among her happy tribe knits !
Think how much life she owes to Hook,
And how much peace to Leibnitz.

To those who scan this dreadful thing,
Write not its author " Barmy " !
It's due to hanging weights on string,
To search out truth. (Per Lami.)

A NIGHT WALK.



HERE'S loneliness indoors when others have gone away,
But out on the windy heath the night brings strange
company :
The trees, the wind and the rain, the stars and the clouds
are there,
And painted with Night's own beauty, leave no place in the heart for
care.

Away in the distance the trees show in masses, solid and round,
Like the clouds that are flocked o'erhead, or the smoothly curved
forms of the ground,
While the leafless branches of trees that are closer, and standing by,
Trace designs and intricate patterns against the turbulent sky.

The sky is a chequered, ever-changing expanse of light and shade,
With the ragged light-hued clouds, and the fathomless dark of space ;
And the stars show comforting light in that sea of windy strife,
Like ships on a stormy ocean, giving proof of companion life.

The keen impassioned caress of the wind brings tears to my eyes,
And awakes a desire to follow whithersoever it flies,
And to follow the pattering and hurrying of the myriad tiny feet
Of the rain that falls on dead leaves with a ceaseless, fairy-like beat.

A need for courage grips me as that sombre wood draws near,
But the thrill at finding beauty can dispel all thoughts of fear ;
The joy at such companionship as thought and beauty give,
Say : " There is at least this moment, when it's wonderful to live ! "



MISS J. C-RP-NT-R.

" Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refined manners, yet ceremonial."—*Donne*.

F. H. J. CH-LD.

" Do you see
Yonder well-favoured youth ? Which ? Oh 'tis he
That dances so divinely."—*Donne*.

K. C. M--R AND MISS I. DE VR--S.

" They were
All in all to each other ; though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there."—*Byron*.

CINDERELLA,

or the Society for the Collection of Money (S.C.M.).



ONEY ! Money ! still more Money : they all ask for it—College, Hall, Alumni, and now the S.C.M., with long-lined pennies, cups of tea, socks for darning, and *passe partout*. The fruits of service for the salvation of souls, boots cleaned for a passport to Heaven, and now a band of strolling players, “rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, fencers and bearwards, common players in interludes and minstrels.” And their portion not the old-time stocks, whipping or the Bridewell, but our laughter and our gratitude. Brumby and Durham, sturdy beggars indeed ! And successful ones at that.

It was Lent. And we bent
Our footsteps to the Hall, thickly laden with all
The murmurous murk of Macbeth ; lunch left,
Bereft of appetite for aught
But hairy legs, caught in a paper skirt
Beneath a Rugger shirt.

The lyric of the pantomime was much better than that. Broadening down from president to president it told a tale which can never find its counterpart in a life that yearns to dance till midnight, and ceases baffled at 11.30 with the slipper unshed and the prince still undecided. Midnight ! And Cinderella—a delectable dish for the dutiful devout. Enough of passion and of envy to please the unregenerate and tickle the puritan palate of the holy robbers in charge of the carnival, love to rouse the laughter of the cynic, a fairy godmother like any matron, filled with wiles enough to command recognition, dialogue of a spice to reveal the Freudian aftermath of Diploma lectures in psychology, and withal *tradition*. Sisters stricken purple, Cinderella chaste and fair, pantotechnicon-borne and sweetly dainty in a dangerous dance. Even the Demon King, the hydra-headed monster of impatient glee, the audience, doomed to frustration as tradition demands by the belated importunity of publicans and tax-gatherers serried at all doors and exits, when at last the slipper slid softly past the callowed reminder of a be-whoopeed night.

And what feet ! The Seven Step Sisters direct from Broadcasting House, and other sisters twain of ugliness renowned, with feet too large for a stage that was much too small ! A minuet where the feet beat more instant than the fluted voice of some ethereal instrument unknown, an encore which broke all the watches in the audience and the hearts of the folk-dancers of the English Association ! And above all, below all and beyond all, “our little Brum,” wicked, wanton—and wily ! A good two-pennorth ! Not 'arf. Here's luck to the snatchers of souls.

CARROTS.



ANY of my friends are aware of many of the peculiar inhibitions, fears, scruples, and so on, which are the result of my solitary childhood, but there is one little secret dread which I have kept from all my friends (exclusively male, of course), and that is an overwhelming fear of women with red hair. Disguise it how you may ; talk of a Titian beauty, an auburn aurora, a coiffure tinted with the sunset glow, the effect is still the same. If I hear a word that calls to my mind the least idea of a copper tinge, I see red, and instantly put up my shutters.

I must make it perfectly plain, before I proceed any further with this heart-wrung confession, that I am not by any manner of means considered, by those best qualified to judge, to be a lady's man, but perhaps, gentle reader, you have already gathered that from the general tone of this informal chat. At all events, what I wish to make clear is, my lack of social qualifications notwithstanding, that I have a marked antipathy to one section only of the female community. Which remark does not, perhaps, seem to agree too well with the opening of the paragraph, but I am convinced that anyone with the slightest glimmerings of intelligence (you, dear reader) will be able to follow the line of thought. Even freckles, the bane of many, are passed with only the slightest of twinges. An uneasy dislike for them turns into a feeling of comparative loathing only when they join forces with red hair.

You observe, gentle reader, how skilfully we have returned to our carrots, or our muttons, as the more polite French would say if they spoke in English. Having returned after our digression, let us get down to the root (*sic*) of the matter. I regret that I cannot satisfy any curiosity that may have been aroused, by giving a scientific explanation of my peculiar aversion. The strange part is that it does not extend to red-haired men ; they are accepted as ordinary human beings. Curious. I can only suggest that, in my childhood, I may have been dropped on my head by a red-haired female, but there is no craniumatory evidence for the assumption. The only other plausible explanation I can tender, albeit with considerable hesitation, is that some ancestor of mine once played with fire, and got burnt, through association with a hot-headed Restoration damsel. After all it's only natural that there should be no documentary evidence for that.

I must admit that it's all very regrettable, and, in consequence, I continue to hope that some day I shall be able to place this class of women on terms with all others ; not, however, I confess, that that

would be any distinct advance. Let me hasten to add that such hopes are far from selfish. I mean to say, you must admit that, as things are, it's terribly bad luck for the red-haired women.

REPAIRS.



IN Shirley roads are up.
Small knots of people gather curious round
To watch the busy navvies sweat and strain.
The sun shines hot.
Sweat streams from shirt-sleeved swarthy arms.
Three lift a ponderous hammer. Bring it down
With shattering blow that makes the whole street ring.
Idlers move on. Passing eyes
Watch the free play of muscles :
See long-twisted lengths of iron.
All seems confusion . . . jar . . . and noise.
Strong hands now guide the drills. A steady growl
Gives place to fierce staccato roars.
The little engine pants : then snorts and grunts.
Man calls to man. And over all
The harsh metallic clang of steel on steel.



WHEN summer comes my fleeting dream will die,
Burnt by the cloudless blue of summer sky,
Drowned deep in dog-rose scent, in hay-sweet
June,
Swooning away within the bee-loud noon—
—Unless perchance you say the longed-for word :
Then shall I dream June by, her songs unheard.

THE INTER-'VARSITY DEBATE.



HE Inter-'Varsity Debate was held on Friday, February 2nd, at 8 o'clock, when delegates from Cardiff, Leeds, London, Reading, and Aberystwyth debated the motion, "That good manners are better than good morals." The President of the Union was in the chair.

Mr. Elfed Jones, of Cardiff, opened the debate for the proposition in a speech which was impressive for its logic and eloquence. He defined manners as a man's attitude towards life and towards the problems of human experience; not mere etiquette, as has been conventionally supposed. He attacked morals, on the other hand, as an artificial standard, or an attempt to translate life into black and white; it was possible to rule economics or science by rules, but it was impossible to establish a dictatorship over an individual's soul. The moralist was a spiritual snob, who attempted to set up a code designed to protect himself and his property, and to judge others from this artificial standpoint; he looked at life with a squint, that is from one angle only, because he thought that morals were all-important. Life was something more than a mathematical proposition or chemical formula; it could not be worked out by rules: man could not live without vision. It was his attitude towards life which was most important.

Mr. Fred Amore, of Leeds, for the opposition, accused the proposer of defining the motion to suit his case. According to the speaker, morals could not be chosen by any particular set of people; they were objective. Mr. Amore proceeded, with amusing examples, to show that there were four kinds of manners: moral, aesthetic, safety-first, and imposed. By the process of elimination, the speaker tried to show that the only good manners were moral, and therefore could not be better than morals, because the part could not be greater than the whole. Manners did not always apply; they did not come from man as a spiritual being, so that they could not be better than morals, which did.

Miss D. Barbier, of London, seconding the proposition, treated the motion historically. Both manners and morals were, by derivation, conventions; if man could not have both it was better for him to have the manners which symbolised the good within him. She contrasted the moral Gladstone, who let Gordon die in the Sudan, with Palmerston, who defended Don Pacifico against "damned bad manners." Miss Barbier gave an instance from her experience in the train during the afternoon to illustrate her point that morals affected only a few, but that manners made happiness in life.

Miss L. Brown, of Reading, seconding the opposition, tried to show that good manners often covered bad morals ; they were an attempt to make the outside seem what the inside ought to be, but was not ; the instances of good manners, which the proposition had cited, proceeded from moral convictions. Finally diplomacy was good manners with bad morals ; to get peace it would be better to lay aside polish and get down to brass tacks.

In the open debate the speeches were mostly pertinent, and characteristic of the speakers, who are well known to College audiences.

Summing up for the opposition, Mr. D. R. Griffiths, of Aberystwyth, contended that it was primitive of the proposers to identify morals with custom ; to achieve progress moral ideas must be liberated from custom. Bacon had advocated travelling to study manners, but Bacon was a scoundrel ; Kant did not travel ; he studied morals, and had created a revolution in thought.

The President thanked Mr. G. F. Hughes, of Alton, a former student, for filling a gap at very short notice. In summing up for the proposition, Mr. Hughes pointed out that the war-generation owed a grudge against the morals of its contemporaries, who had entered the war on moral grounds. The morality of the nineteenth century was guilty of the slums, which will only be swept aside by good manners. It was safer, the speaker concluded, to trust one's life to a gentleman than to a good man.

After an exciting division, in which a recount was taken, the motion was declared to be lost by 134 votes to 130.



PERVERSION.



F all the wise women were pretty,
And all pretty women were wise,
The good, and the fair, and the clever,
Would all be alike in our eyes.
But since such a state would soon pall us,
Such sameness I'd never advise.
So let us flirt with the pretty,
And let us all marry the wise.

DAY DREAM.



T was a lovely summers' afternoon. Even I had to admit it, as I lolled in practically the full glare of the sun. I had long given up the pretence of reading, although I had sought such a secluded spot in the hope of finding somewhere where I could enjoy a book at my leisure. It had been strange and pleasant to find this lovely place unoccupied. I could not possibly concentrate.

I cannot remember what my book was, but a stray phrase of it set my mind wandering off in its usual absurd fashion. I brought myself back with an effort to the printed page, but it was too much to do to curb my runaway thoughts. I flung aside my book, turned on my back, and stared up at the green-liveried branches and at the blue beyond with unseeing eyes, thinking; or perhaps I should say, dreaming.

I am an incorrigible dreamer. Not a visionary or a mystic bound up with the substance of his dreams, but just a wayward dreamer, letting my fancy go wheresoever it will, inconsequential, foolish, idle.

When I was younger my day-dreams were more logical than now. The books I read, the films I saw, gave me the key to realms of adventure I could never really enter, and in them I *lived*, and roamed as I pleased. The years have made my fancy more airy. Even action cannot banish the dreams, but seems to make their subtle hold upon me yet more lasting.

There is but one consoling thought. My dreams never come true. From their very nature, I suppose, it is impossible; they are so rambling and incoherent. If they were to come true, I should be disappointed, and even possibly upset. The secret of their hold upon me lies in the fact that they are merely dreams. If one developed into reality, I should be a broken man.

Dreams; inconsequential, straying, foolish fancies. In the neighbourhood a twig suddenly cracks, and I am back to earth in a moment. I hear voices—two voices. They are coming nearer. With a sigh I gather up my book, and rise to my feet. I steal away from those jarring, interrupting voices, to find another, if less lovely, spot, where I may pick up the broken threads of my thoughts, and be once again at peace, with fancy and myself.

TRANSIENCE.



THE lingering beauty of the dying day
Is stirring now the heart of the sad earth.
The fragile skies are filled with fading light,
And faint beyond the blue the palest star
Glimmers uncertain yet. The birds are stilled,
The trees a-shiver stand beneath the pool
Of dying day. And into quiet minds
The hopelessness of life comes flooding strong.
The precious beauty of the dusk will die,
The blossoming spring will pass, the winter come,
The birds be silent and the trees stripped bare
And only husks remain, old husks and dry . . .
. . . . Now shoots a laughing god with bended bow
A poison-tippèd barb that pierces me.
My veins are all on fire because the dusk
Comes like a moth to settle on the earth
And transforms life to beauty. Pan, if thee,
Why tip'st thy arrows with such piercing pain?
No good can come from wounds, tho' they be thine,
O fierce sweet Pan, no good save tears—
And where they fall the wind-flowers spring
That die and blossom all within a day.



INTANGIBLE MELODY.



MAKE a melody just to forget
A mood, a song not framed to any word,
By all the world except by me, unheard;
Interpreting mine ecstasy, and yet
Most like the trickling of a rivulet,
Or like the enraptured warbling of a bird,
Once sung, in dark oblivion lies interred
Lingering only in a vain regret.
Is it a jest that frolic Nature plays
Troubling our minds to hear these fleeting notes,
This momentary music, this lost strain?
Is there a place in Nature for our lays?
Are these forgotten tunes kept anywhere?
When we are dead, will they be heard again?

"PATIENCE."



OR the purpose of adequately equipping ourselves for a new task, that of criticism, we resolutely delved into past numbers of the *West Saxon*, and discovered that, in recent years at all events, College criticism of its own productions has passed rapidly through two phases : one in which the only damning has been done by means of faint praise ; the other in which criticism has been interpreted in its severest sense, a natural reaction to the former phase, and noticeable in the last four issues. It was with the high aim of synthesizing the two attitudes, that we paid our shillings at the door like any other members of the proletariat, and took our seats to watch the Choral Society's performance of *Patience* on Students' Night.

After the preliminary uneasiness, always incident to our finding ourselves in strange seats, we conned our programmes, and gave ourselves up to requisite contemplation. *Patience* is a good choice. The Choral Society is in luck in that any opera it chooses is bound to find favour with the strong nucleus of G. and S. admirers in College and the town. We consider *Patience* one of the very best, a delicious mélange of delicate humour and delightful tunes ; humour in witty dialogue, typical absurdity of plot, and shy satire at the expense of the aesthetes ; tunes that infuse themselves into the words to make an unforgettable union. The fact that in Gilbert and Sullivan we have the sole example of a librettist's popularity shows that the stress is on both sides. We determined to watch out for diction—But ah The King now the overture flows merrily along. "Sing Bah to you, Ha ! Ha ! to you " ; the curtains divide ; we see sundry female forms draped in various attitudes ; and the show is on

It is perhaps unfortunate that the production should follow such a polished performance at that of last year. This year we had a competent and fairly consistent piece of work, which, however, rarely rose to great heights. It was a performance that could be readily appreciated and liked, but hardly one over which to enthuse. Strangely enough both Miss E. Hughes and Miss N. Moore showed a distinct advance on their work in *The Mikado*. Miss Hughes as *Patience* was the success of the evening. College is indeed lucky in having a woman who can sing and act so well, for such qualities are rarely found together. Her annoyance with Bunthorne and her coyness with Grosvenor were extremely well done, and she managed to introduce just the right quality into her singing voice to be acting even then. She dominated the stage whenever she was on it, and the only possible criticism is that she presented neither the buxom dairymaid of reality

nor the Dresden-china one of pastoralism. But perhaps that is carping. Miss Moore as Lady Jane returned to the form she showed in former years. After a nervous opening, she sang herself into her part, and seemed to revel in its humour. Her diction was particularly good, the best in a production in which the diction was at least up to the average for amateurs. It was a pity that her dialogue was not so good as her singing; that her acting and gestures were somewhat stiff (though when she was immobile her facial expression was excellent), and that her "limpid eye" was not spectacled.

J. Gibson as Bunthorne must have given many people a pleasant surprise by his acting. Though he did not seem absolutely in the flesh of the fleshly poet, he put a lot of life into his conception of the part, and he made some really good entries. Had he forgotten himself more, he would have made a bigger success. Grosvenor (G. J. Lawrence) had a pleasant enough voice, as "Prithee, Pretty Maiden" proved, but in dialogue he obscured many shades of meaning by incorrect stressing, and his "Silver Churn" song lost a lot through harshness and uncertainty. He did not blossom out until the end—"Crikey."

The same, as far as charm was concerned, was true of the women's chorus. Robes of aesthetic cut do not suit the College style of beauty. This chorus was the weak link. Practically every woman seemed to be hesitating between two or more interpretations, and the majority were too concerned with singing to act at all. The sopranos sang well towards the end of Act I (our more cynical self suggested that it was because they were blindfolded—our better nature ignored this remark as unsuited to the dignity of the *West Saxon*), but the singing was inadequate except in the finales when the men could give support. These gallant gentlemen carried the first act on their handsome shoulders, and, although the tenors may have floundered on occasion, and a Sandhurst instructor might have found fault with precision of movement, they did much to pull the show together.

R. Keleher's excellent interpretation of the rheumatically Major was easily the best of the minor performances. G. Rowe (the Colonel) sang well for a sick man, though there was one agonizing period when he tried hard to capture an elusive quarter of a beat or so. A. Smith guyed the part of the Duke effectively, and covered his faulty high notes well. Unfortunately in the sextette he was unable to do this, and the result was almost complete failure, though the quintette was one of the successes. Miss R. Turner as Angela, excellent comedienne though she is, at times succumbed to the temptation to overact. Miss M. Bowron had the presence, but not the voice for Ella, and both she and Miss S. Gale as Saphir were unconvincing, and

did not seem to know what to do in long periods of inaction. A. G. Geddes as the solicitor was unmistakably A. G. Geddes.

It is only fair to mention the producer, C. Bending, who must have had great difficulty in getting such a cast to work so slickly. His production was sound and orthodox. It was pleasant to see R. Connolly, foster father of so many College shows, come out for once to take a present. As for the orchestra, it is enough to say that it was under the ever watchful eye of Mr. D. Cecil Williams . . .

. . . . The College verses? Well, as students, we nearly fell off our seats with laughter, but as ardent Gilbertians, we considered them a piece of colossal impudence.

. . . . These are our honest opinions, and we pen them in the pious hope that in the future our memories of *Patience* may be solely pleasant :—*Patience* singing "Love is a plaintive Song"; the three gallants in ridiculous posture; Lady Jane displaying virtuosity on the 'cello. If you disagree with us you are at complete liberty to do so. As for us, we must say, without being at all derogatory, that, while the Choral Society has not by any means lost its reputation, this year marks no advance.



MISS E. L-TH-R J-N-S.

"One man at first her heart can move,
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that additions much encumber."—*Byron*.

G. I. SM-TH.

"Of his life little is known; and that little claims no praise
but what can be given to intellectual excellence, seldom employed
to any virtuous purpose."—*Johnson*. *Life of Smith*.

H. T. E. M-I-S.

"Marriage uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour."—*Henry VI, Part I*.

J. W. ST-N.

"My tender youth was never yet attaind
With any passion of inflaming love."—*Henry VI, Part I*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon

DEAR SIR,



Y letter is the result of a conversation I had with you some weeks back. You had been sitting at the feet of your Gamaliel, in the shape of a worthy academic. His lecture had taken, apparently, a very practical turn, and, for this reason, you had all the more readily accepted his doctrines. The theme was that "we can never be sure of anything, and, therefore, it is not only unwise, but also wicked, according to the teaching of the Great Book, to present facts dogmatically to children, d'you see?"—in fact, we must never believe our eyes or ears. I was very impressed—being at the "gulping period." My faith in my sensory organs was completely shaken. Then I went for a walk.

It appeared as though I was walking down the Avenue. I thought I saw shops, a tower with a clock on it, and traffic. Furthermore, it is possible I heard the noise of what seemed to be trams and omnibuses. I believe there was a fat woman, apparently dressed in what one might call purple. I was under the impression that there were trams proceeding up and down the High Street, and also round to Shirley. As I didn't think I saw a policeman, I judged him to be off duty. My visual senses registered a coming together of what I thought the purple figure and the semblance of a tramcar. My auditory senses recorded screams. Later, I believe, what was an ambulance appeared on the scene. Apparently I moved away. It seems as if what might have been the woman was apparently killed. The *Echo* seemed to suggest it.

Mr. Editor, Sir—I am troubled—by what criterion can I estimate these possible events?

Yours etc.,

IGNORAMA.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

After a protracted sojourn in this supposed seat of learning, I think it is high time I voice an opinion on a very urgent subject—the need for reform of conversation. I am no moralist who wishes to improve the tone of the establishment, but an onlooker who is daily impressed by the futility of ordinary talk.

Firstly, let it be understood that I have no quarrel with the convention of greeting a friend with truisms concerning the weather and kindred topics ; nor yet with that very wholesome rule which bans all subjects of an abstruse or technical nature under the collective stigma of " shop." I have, however, a very rooted objection to the exception which annihilates all the benefits of this rule—I refer to the acceptance of that most technical of all subjects, sport, as one of the chief canons of ordinary conversation. Every schoolboy knows who won the Cup Final in 1920, and no one is fit to mix in common society until he is familiar with the last mystery of the leg theory, and can weigh the relative merits of Aston Villa and Blackburn Rovers, besides being able to state the case for and against professionalism.

But this is not all. Many people are relegated to a back seat in society, and become silent recluses, not because of any misanthropic tendencies, but owing to a lack of " small talk," *i.e.*, being unable to speak when they have nothing to say. Our corridors and common-rooms are crowded with groups of twos and threes who can spend hours in discoursing, with the utmost fluency, on the most vain and idle topics ; while the intelligent listener, after racking his brains for several minutes will with difficulty contribute to the dialogue ; his remark will be turned down, not because it has offended anybody, or even because it is irrelevant, but because it is the result of a mental process ; because it *means* something, and has to be pondered over. Such a rebuff will relegate him to the dismal ranks of the good listeners and bad talkers. He will naturally adopt the most easily acquired (and the least refined) outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual vacuity, and, lacking the glibness of the initiated, will fail miserably in all attempts at conversation.

Success in life demands not only academic and athletic distinction, but social qualities, in which brilliant conversation is not least ; something should therefore be done to discourage empty chatter (and here, it must be admitted, women are among the worst offenders) and to tolerate, if not to respect, those whose remarks are the ripened and well-considered fruit of wit and wisdom, whose sole domain is, at present, the Debating Society.

Let us, then, try to strike a compromise between the owl and the parrot, and break down this barrier between thinkers and chatters.

I remain, yours faithfully,

PERFORATUS RIGIDUS.



RUSSELL HALL.

CON the first day of the Christmas vacation we were the guests of Montefiore Hall, and we thank them for a most enjoyable evening. The occasion, being somewhat close to the festive season, and also out of actual term, lent itself to originality, and we congratulate Montefiore Hall on the very novel way in which they seized their opportunity.

A limited number of us were the guests of Highfield Hall on Jan. 27th ; we thank them also for a very delightful evening.

On Jan. 20th we ourselves sprang to life as hosts : Highfield Hall Seniors were our guests, and, from several kind remarks received, we venture to assume that it was a successful effort.

We congratulate L. G. Symes on his election to fill the post of Junior member of the Hall Committee.

In our last notes we made an appeal for more enthusiasm in the support of Hall functions ; this, we are pleased to see, has not been without its effect, and we trust that this enthusiasm will live and grow to extend itself to the Soccer field, the running track, etc., now that the season of Inter Hall sports is approaching.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

Little or no news ; friendly relations in the House, which culminated in a successful House tea. Further outlook : set fair, wind veering S. Stoneham-ward, reaching gale force, Saturday March 10th.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

The Spring term has been, as usual, one of the quietest at Stoneham, although certain innovations have been made, and one or two interesting occurrences have taken place.

Early in the term we held an informal entertainment, which went off quite successfully, and we hope was enjoyed by all our guests. Soon after this, our Chairman left us to carry out his school practice.

Our Vice-Warden, Mr. Pringle, has left us for a better appointment at Portsmouth. We are very sorry to lose him, but wish him luck in his new post.

One great innovation this term has been the "Sunday Tea," to which members of the opposite sex may be invited. The "opening ceremony" consisted of a twenty-first birthday party given by a certain notorious "one year" graduate.

The Billiards Cup was won by Burns, a man of great skill in the game.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

This term will be chiefly remembered by us as the one in which Miss Leveson visited Highfield, to present us with her portrait, which will now hang at the north end of the dining hall. By her strength of personality and her genuine understanding of students, P. K. endeared herself to all, and we shall cherish her portrait as symbolic of her influence, which is still so much alive in Highfield.

We have been able in a small measure to return the hospitality of the other Halls by our one entertainment, and we rejoice at the rapid development of a "Bier-garten" on the terraces—at Highfield.

NEW HALL.

The Secretary of New Hall, during one of his periods of comparative coherence, reports that he (1) thanks Highfield Hall for a very jolly evening; (2) hopes that all guests enjoyed the informal entertainment, at which Mr. Berry pirouetted with such grace; (3) bursts with pride when he contemplates the broad gravel sweep approaching the Hall. Having so said, he returns to the customary silence from which he emerges but once a term.



BOAT CLUB.

FOR the first time in the short but successful life of the Boat Club we have a tale of woe to tell. Following the example of our captain, various members of our Club have developed diseases whose names have caused the dislocation of more than one junior medical students' jaw.

Down the long, dismal foggy stretches of the Itchen numerous eights of questionable rowing ability, but imbued with a spirit of determination to improve, have meandered, while coaches and captains have cursed from bridges and banks, endeavouring to find a crew to uphold the prestige of the College in the forthcoming Head of the River Race. At last they have been almost satisfied, and two crews have gone into training for this, our most important fixture.

Two outstanding features of the Club this term have been the untiring energy at this difficult time of our coaches, especially our friend and saviour, Mr. R. Casson, M.A., and the valuable assistance given by foreign students, some of whom are valuable members of our eights. Mr. King has done a great deal to improve the 1st VIII by his quiet but detailed and comprehensive criticism of the crew, and we hope that the value of his advice will be seen when we row Bristol on the Itchen on March 3rd.

CROSS COUNTRY.

Our record for this term so far is not a very cheerful one, chiefly because we have never been able to field a full team at any time, as several of our members have been on the injured list at various times.

We won the Hampshire Intercollegiate race at Portsmouth fairly easily, but at Exeter four days later we finished only fourth. Of this term's matches we have won two and lost four.

Several juniors, however, are still showing rapid signs of improvement, and next year with an unaltered team we should be much more successful.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

1st XI Soccer have risen to our expectations, for as a result of defeating Bristol University by 4 goals to 1 they qualified for the U.A.U. semi-final.

The semi-final was played at the College Sports Ground on March 3rd against Loughborough, the winners of the Midland Divisional Championship.

After one of the keenest and fastest games of the season, resulting in a win by 3—0, the 1st XI found themselves in the unprecedented position of finalists in the U.A.U. Championship.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

We can hardly claim to have justified the optimism with which we started the season, when we consider the results to date. It is, however, true that we have been labouring under grave difficulties all the season—those of illness and injury—and our play has naturally suffered as a result.

This has been especially noticeable during the second half of the season, for not once this term have we been able to turn out the same team in successive matches.

As far as actual results are concerned, we find a curiously level state of affairs pertaining, the figures being :—

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
				<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
21	10	10	1	46	46

BOXING CLUB.

This term a long-felt want has at last been supplied with the formation of a College Boxing Club, which is being run in connection with a new and splendidly equipped gymnasium in Grosvenor Square. Training is held twice a week, on Thursday from 5-6 p.m. and Saturday morning from 9.30-10.30 a.m., and enthusiastic members are combining the business of getting fit, with able instruction in the fistic art. There is room for a few more members, and we would particularly welcome the addition of a few lighter men, whether they have boxed before or not. The cost (financially speaking!) is extremely slight.

We hope before very long to prove to the College in a substantial manner that our progress, both individually and as a Club, is sound and steady.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

This term the standard of play of the 1st XI has considerably improved, although results of matches do not indicate this. Unfortunately we have not been able to field the same team each week, and this probably accounts for some of the results. Since the last issue of the *West Saxon* we have beaten Exeter, but were defeated by Bristol.

The 2nd XI has played only a few matches, but has succeeded in winning most of them.





CHEMICAL SOCIETY.



THE last of the very successful Autumn term series of lectures was given by Dr. A. R. Todd, of Oxford, who addressed us on "Colouring Matters of Bacteria and Fungi." Dr. Todd, who is engaged in research on the above subject, gave an exceptionally interesting account of the modern work in this fascinating branch of organic chemistry. Of particular interest were the specimens of the colouring matters synthesised by Dr. Todd and co-workers.

The meetings for the present term opened with a talk on "Hydrides," given by Dr. L. Hey. We are very much indebted to Dr. Hey for his lecture—incidentally, given at very short notice—on a subject which, as the lecturer pointed out, is very complex, and which modern work tends to make even more difficult.

Mr. A. E. Clarence-Smith greatly interested his audience with a talk on "Photographic Exposure and Development." The subject had, of course, a general interest, and we learned much from an expert about the various considerations to be made before taking a satisfactory photograph. The lecture was illustrated with many excellent comparative photographs.

For the third lecture, we were pleased to welcome Dr. O. L. Brady, Reader in Organic Chemistry in the University of London. The talk, on "The Stereochemistry of Nitrogen," was arranged and delivered in the clear and lucid manner expected of an acknowledged authority on the subject. We feel justly proud that such an eminent chemist should honour the Society with his presence.

The final lecture of the session will be given on March 2nd by Prof. A. C. Menzies, who has chosen as his subject "Some Applications of Spectroscopy."

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The most important event of the term was the I.V.D., of which a full report is given elsewhere ; the Society can congratulate itself on one of the most enjoyable events in its history. We take this opportunity, on behalf of the Committee, of thanking all those who helped to make the function a success.

Two debates have been held, and it is hoped to arrange a third before the end of term. On Saturday, Jan. 20th, it was proposed by Messrs. Brumby and J. Stone "That the Influences of the Film is Demoralising," and opposed by Miss Shields and Mr. Polston ; Miss Donnelly and Mr. Geddes summed up. After some quite pertinent speeches the motion was lost by 46 votes to 30.

A Valentine Debate was held on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 15th ; the motion was that "Marriage Maketh Man," proposed by Mr. Brumby and Miss M. Gray ; opposed by Messrs. J. Stone and Polston. The expected ragging element was entirely absent, as the speakers treated the motion in a very serious manner ; the motion was carried by 46 votes to 28.

During the term the College was represented at the London I.V.D. by I. H. Pearcy, and at Reading by J. W. Stone.

The Wessex Debating Hall Building Fund is still open to contributors, and it is to be hoped that, after financial recuperation of the Easter vacation, students will return to give further support.

STAGE SOCIETY.

The Stage Society has survived another term (has kept its head above the jolly old fluid, so to speak—Go away, J. B. !), but only just.

The mixed criticism which greeted last term's production of *Mrs. Moonlight* was both amusing and helpful. Generally, however, we think that the performance was voted a success. We thank the *West Saxon* for its sincere criticism, but must respectfully point out that the two College productions are primarily for the general public ; the Students' Night is merely a time-honoured tradition. *Mrs. Moonlight*—a difficult enough play—was well enough acted to be well received.

The Play Reading Section has been as alive as usual. Noel Coward's *Post Mortem* provided food for thought, and Oscar Wilde's witty *The Importance of Being Earnest* was also read. *St. Joan* will be read before the end of term.

Finally, may we wish the Choral Society the best of luck with *Patience*.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Our activities have continued this term much as usual. Our lunch-hour prayer meetings have been very well attended, but this cannot be said of our Bible Studies on Fridays, led by the Rev. P. W. R. Kennedy. Those who have been to these meetings feel that absentees have lost a great deal.

On Jan. 15th we had the privilege of an address by Dr. Rendle Short on "Is the Intellectual Basis of Christianity Sound?" This was well attended by members, but few others came, due, we believe, to conflicting engagements.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

This term we have continued the usual Friday lunch-hour meetings, which have been very well attended.

Mr. Cook went as the Southampton delegate to the Annual B.U.L.N.S. Conference, and gave his report to a general meeting on Jan. 20th.

On Feb. 2nd Mr. W. G. Stone, who was recently co-opted on to the committee, led a discussion on the British Disarmament Proposals.

Dr. Hey addressed a crowded meeting on the subject of Chemical Warfare on Feb. 16th, and on the 23rd Mr. Weintraub gave an equally interesting talk on the German Refugee Problem, which provoked considerable discussion.



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